



Ex-CBI Roundup

—CHINA—BURMA—INDIA—

JULY 1971





ENTRANCE to a military installation in the Calcutta area of India, with dhoti-clad civilian in foreground. Perhaps some reader can pinpoint the location. Photo by Joel H. Springer, Jr.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

CHINA · BURMA · INDIA

Ex-CBI ROUNDUP, established 1948, is a reminiscing magazine published monthly except AUGUST and SEPTEMBER at 117 South Third Street, Laurens, Iowa, by and for former members of U. S. Units stationed in the China-Burma-India Theater during World War II. Ex-CBI Roundup is the official publication of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association.

Neil L. Maurer Editor

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3842nd QM Truck

● Knew if I waited long enough I would see a letter in Ex-CBI Roundup regarding the 3842nd Truck Company, in which I served as a first lieutenant, as motor officer. Sure was glad to see the letter from Ed Kuhlman—so glad I sat right down and wrote him a letter. Enjoyed the reunion at Tulsa last year and feel you deserve a lot of the credit for keeping our organization together. Without the Ex-CBI Roundup, I am afraid it would be only a memory by now. As it is, I relive each exciting issue.

LESTER CHRISTIANSEN,
Lincoln, Nebr.

Letter FROM The Editor . . .

● Once again we've been asked to relate the history of the colorful CBI emblem, so we quote from a wartime issue of CBI Roundup: "This eye-arresting bauble came from the fertile brain of Brig. Gen. Frank (Pinkie) Dorn back in June of 1942. At that time Pinkie was an aide to Lt. Gen. Joseph W. Stilwell, and is now in command of the American Liaison Group with the Chinese on the Salween. The red-white-and-blue motif is naturally Uncle Sugar. The gadget in the upper left corner of the shield is the Kuomintang Sun. (The Kuomintang is the ruling political party of China—hence the sun is the national emblem). The star is the star of India. A peacock for Burma might have been added plus the white elephant of Indo-China, but, like newspapers, Pinkie was short of space."

● Cover photo can be recognized from the peculiar rock formations in the background as a view of a grain field near Kweilin, China. The picture comes from the collection of Dottie Yuen Leuba.

● Each year, Ex-CBI Roundup takes a two-month "summer vacation". That time is here again. There will be no August or September issues—the next to appear will be dated October. We hope you'll keep right on sending us material, however, so we will have plenty on hand to start another year when publication is resumed in the fall.

● We hope to see you in Dallas!

JULY, 1971



RELAXING at a ball game at Kunming, China, in 1944 is Maj. Gen. Claire L. Chennault, Commanding General of the 14th Air Force. Photo by Milton Klein.



CHAPLAIN'S office was this tent at Myitkyina, Burma. Photo by Dwight M. Burkam.

44th Field Hospital

● Would like to hear from anyone who was with the 44th Field Hospital, my old unit.

FRED GIBSON,
59 Page Road,
Chillicothe, Ohio

24th Station Hospital

● Have enjoyed Roundup very much; yours is a wonderful publication that brings back memories. Keep it coming. Our outfit, 24th Station Hospital, left the States in December 1942 and after 42 days afloat arrived in Suez, Egypt. We handled the boys from North Africa and the Middle East. We left the ETO after 16 months and took an English tramp steamer to India. Spent 14 months in Assam, and arrived home by air in April 1945. Would like to hear from any former members of the 24th.

JOHN C. HEBSACKER,
2553 Damian Ave.,
Hatboro, Pa. 19040

Bismuth, Paregoric

● Have been hearing lately of the Kaopectate Festival in Mexico; since we were before Kaopectate, I suppose we had the Bismuth and Paregoric Festival in India.

JOE C. SHAW,
Conway, Ark.

96th Signal Bn.

● As a longtime subscriber, I continue to enjoy each is-

sue of your magazine. Through the years I've scanned the letters to the editor for word from former members of the 96th Signal Battalion, builders of the telephone pole-line along much of the Ledo Road. I was a staff sergeant in the 96th, and spent a good deal of time with the Chinese 38th Division. After serving as commander of the Queen City Basha in 1961, I moved to the Bay Area in California, joining Lockheed Missiles & Space Company as an electrical engineer. Your magazine is a welcome visitor each month.

ROBERT E. BURKE,
Cupertino, Calif.

14th Air Force

● The annual convention of the 14th Air Force Association will be held Thursday, Friday and Saturday, July 29-31, at the Twin Bridges Marriott Hotel, Washington, D.C. Among the speakers will be two of our own members, U.S. Senator Jack Miller of Iowa and U.S. Senator Ted Stevens of Alaska. The program will also include a cocktail reception at the home of the Hon. Thomas Corcoran; visit to an aircraft exhibit of the Smithsonian Institute at Silver Hill, Md.; memorial service at Arlington National Cemetery; reception at residence of the Chinese ambassador; a theatre dinner; scholarship banquet, etc. Further information can be obtained by writing C. W. Doyle, 5128 10th Road N., Arlington, Va. 22205

C. W. DOYLE,
Arlington, Va.

115th Ordnance

● Was with the 115th Ordnance Co. M. M. in the CBI. Spent 3½ years there. I still am in contact with some of the members of the old outfit whenever they pass through the city.

LEO J. SLOWIKOWSKI,
Chicago, Ill.



GRAVES at Kunming, China, of three enlisted men of the 74th Fighter Squadron who were killed April 26, 1943, at Yunnan, China. Photo by Milton Klein.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP



TWO INDIANS feed funeral pyre at burning ghat in Bombay. Photo by J. C. Hebsacker.

CBI Photographer

● Our late General Stratemeyer got me to subscribe (to Ex-CBI Roundup) several years before his death. While in Delhi and Hastings Mill at Ballygunge I was his personal photographer, the only GI among the British and US brass at most functions and medal presentation excursions. Previous to that I was attached to the 51st Fighter Group in Assam. They were the protection for the Hump flying in those old P-47s from their eight or so airfields cut out of jungle, tea gardens and rice paddies. Chabua was of course a former polo field and headquarters was the Kanjiko Tea Estate. I worked there for British and American Intelligence under a man now famous as possibly the most brilliant trial lawyer in America, Emile Zola Ber- man. Life did a biography on him when he defended the Marine who accidentally drowned some of his platoon in training. I was surprised to see my photos of him with AP credits under them. They said all those photos we Army photogs took during the war are now accessible through the files in Washington. Might be a good place for future photo stories. I had many of my stories published in the Roundup. I still have copies of some photo layouts that I had sent home to my wife . . . rest camp

at Shillong, the first fighters to carry a thousand pounder or bridge busting, etc. I have been chief photographer here (the Jackson Citizen Patriot) for past 34 years and still like my job.

GARRETT COPE,
Jackson, Mich.

CBIer Now 80

● Am in receipt of an interesting letter from retired Lt. Col. James A. Dearbeyne of 105 Butler St., Rockwell City, Iowa 50579. The Colonel has recently joined the Iowa Basha, and at the age of 80, hopes some CBI vets may stop in that city to see him. Born in France in 1890, he served 18 years with the USAF and two years in CBI. Sahib Dearbeyne advises that he traveled 500,000 miles in the 18 years in the air force. In CBI, at the 1328th AAF Base at Misamari (Assam), he was then the oldest man on the base. He had 3,500 EM and 600 officers, and was usually addressed as "Uncle Jim." I am sure he would enjoy hearing from Ex-CBI Roundup readers who served with him in CBI.

RAY ALDERSON,
Dubuque, Iowa



IT'S ROUNDUP time in Texas, points out Rex Smith in submitting this picture. What he's talking about, of course, is the 24th annual CBI reunion to be held August 4-7, 1971, at the Baker Hotel in Dallas. The photo, by Frank (Don't Look at the Camera) Amelia, actually shows Monk McDowell of the Signal Corps and his pet tiger, Anna, posing on a desk in the CBI Roundup office in wartime India.

Pakistan in Post-war Flux

CBIers who served during World War II in what is now East Pakistan have heard conflicting reports about the recent civil war in that area. The following article, which appeared in the May 13 issue of the Jackson Citizen Patriot, Jackson, Mich., tells the views of an electrical engineer who is serving as a project manager in East Pakistan.

* * *

BY ROBERT WISCHMEYER

The civil war which broke out in East Pakistan on March 25 has left the economy of both West Pakistan and East Pakistan in a precarious condition, a Commonwealth Associates engineer visiting this week in Jackson has reported.

Industry-heavy West Pakistan and agricultural East Pakistan depend heavily on trade between themselves and foreign nations. The government, headed by West Pakistanis, has imposed martial law on the East. East-erners, in turn, are following a non-cooperation movement.

The result is a disruption of commerce.

This is the view of Glen A. Steimm-ling, an electrical engineer with Commonwealth who is project manager of a two-transmission-line project in East Pakistan.

Until the government and politicians representing some of the East Pakistan people reach an accommodation following the bloodshed, Steimm-ling said, the nation will remain in a state of interruption.

About half the residents of Dacca, around 500,000 persons, have left that capital city and returned to their home villages, he said. Dacca, focal point for a dispute between President Mohammed Yahya Khan and Sheikh Mujibur Rahman, leader of the Awami League, was the scene of killing and rioting for several days. Other fighting occurred in cities throughout East Pakistan as the West Pakistan army forced the members of the Awami League, a native "people's party," to go underground.

Steimm-ling feels, however, that many of the wire service and mag-

azine reports that came out of East Pakistan exaggerated the killing and in some cases blamed the army for killings actually done by radical elements of the Awami movement.

First-hand reports by magazine writers—who were expelled from the country and saw their notebooks and film confiscated by the army—indicated considerable slaughter of East Pakistanis as Khan's men with rifles, tanks and rockets prevented protests from getting out of hand.

"Personally I saw only a couple of dead bodies in Dacca," Steimm-ling said. But he was struck by the quiet that came over the city after the army took control.

Some of the army shooting was not directed at civilians, he said, but aimed skyward merely to disperse crowds. Reports of thousands of persons killed were filed, however, by magazine writers and newspaper correspondents ly.

Some of the victims were Indian migrants who fell victim to East Pakistanis. Some others were West Pakistanis killed out of reprisals. An Associated Press story printed Wednesday in the Citizen Patriot outlined much of this carnage.

By winning 98 per cent of the vote in elections last December, the Awami League had become the majority party in Pakistan, Steimm-ling said. The new constitution which the Awamis wanted would have made East Pakistan almost autonomous.

East Pakistan, separated by 1,000 miles from its western half, has about 70 million people, about 20 million more than West Pakistan. Awami leaders claim the East Pakistanis are unfairly treated by the government headquartered in Lahore. Their per capita income is far less. Adding to the bitterness between the two half-nations is a different ethnic makeup that resulted from a British-imposed split in 1947, when Pakistan won independence. The only common bond is the Moslem religion.

Steimm-ling recalled the exact hour—1:30 p.m. on March 1—when a radio announcement reported that a nation-

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

al assembly at which the new constitution was to be drawn up had been postponed by Khan.

The next day, Sheik Mujibur Rahman ("He's called 'Mujib' over there," said Steimmling) and the Awami League called for a nonviolent, non-cooperation effort. This closed all government offices, banks and even the telegraph office.

For 11 days, President Khan and Mujib met and seemed near agreement on an assembly date. But negotiations broke up late in the evening March 25, Khan returned to the West Pakistan capital of Lahore and during the night the West Pakistan army in East Pakistan began to take control.

Mujib was arrested and has been charged with treason. The Awami League has been outlawed and its leaders driven underground or out of the country.

"Dacca is now almost a dead city," Steimmling and Stanley K. Young of Flint, who is administrative manager for Commonwealth in Dacca, said.

Steimmling and Young plan to return to Dacca later this month, however. Young, a bachelor, and Steimmling and his Italian-born wife took an early home leave on April 18 because there was no work to be accomplished under present circumstances.

Steimmling had been in Dacca since January of 1968. The project he is managing for Commonwealth involves two transmission lines. One is a 132-kilo-volt, 40-mile line from Comilla to Chandpur. The other is a 33-kilovolt line from Feni to Choumuhani. They are being built by the East Pakistan Water and Power Development Authority under contract with Commonwealth.

The Commonwealth office in Motijheel, the commercial district of Dacca, is being operated by Pakistanis until he and Young return. There are about 60 Americans still in and around Dacca, he said.

The worst intimidation of foreigners he knew of in the March turmoil involved an Italian who was shot in the shoulder as he leaned out a train window taking pictures and an Irish couple who fled by canoe, car and bus from an outlying area after being threatened by East Pakistanis.

Foreign correspondents were removed on Army trucks, forced to give

up all their notes and films and even stripped to their underwear. Two of Steimmling's acquaintances were "pro Awami," and their subsequent reports were written this way, he said.

Far greater than the deaths that resulted from the brief civil war, according to Steimmling, was the tragedy of the cyclone and tidal wave bore that struck the Bay of Bengal last November.

"Latest estimates put the figure of dead at between 1½ and 2 million," Steimmling said. Slow and inefficient government relief may have contributed to the December unity which the Awami League mobilized in the elections.

Steimmling also believes that the majority of East Pakistanis, those who live outside Dacca, do not really know or care who runs the nation. "They are mostly illiterate," he said.

Late this month or early in June, Steimmling and his wife will return to Dacca. "The monsoon season will be over," he said, "and we will resume work on the transmission project." He expects that some of the equipment at project sites will have been stolen.

Steimmling has been in Pakistan since October 1964, when he joined Commonwealth Associates on another project in West Pakistan. He was there until the East Pakistan project began.

He met his wife in Lahore, West Pakistan. She is a talented singer and was the lead attraction at a hotel in Lahore. They were married in Beirut.

Steimmling's home is Harrisburg, Pa., where he and his wife will meet later this month for a reunion with his parents. □

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Political Killings Way of Life

By LEE LESCAZE
The Washington Post

Calcutta's poorest are the thousands of sleepers who line the sidewalks every night, bundled in rags against mosquitoes and rats.

The richest in this crowded, crumbling city are like the businessman who was told recently that his wife would be given a local anesthetic. His reaction was instinctive: "Oh, no," he instructed the doctor, "Make sure she gets an imported one."

They number their servants (called bearers) by dozens or scores, get their whisky from bootleggers, smoke black-market American cigarettes and live behind high walls.

Now, all but the most carefully watched of walls are stenciled with the hammer and sickle of the Marxist Communist party and a trip downtown is occasionally made unpleasant by the discovery of a corpse in the road, hacked to death and left untouched for hours.

Long infamous for its poverty and as a nightmarish example of the problems common to the large urban areas, Calcutta has developed another specialty—political murders.

By official police count, 244 people have been killed for political reasons over the last 10 months. Everyone agrees that hundreds of other killings go unreported, in large part because they happen in sections of Calcutta where the police have given up patrolling.

Widespread murders are relatively new to Calcutta, and the police themselves are one of the major targets. A year ago, one police sergeant said the thugs only threw bricks. "Now they use pipe guns and bombs." In response, the 18,600-man municipal police force has abandoned the sticks it carried for protection and now most policemen have guns.

At night, police flying squads cruise the city in vans with heavy wire grills over the windshield and windows, to protect them from bombs. Even with their guns and grills, however, the police won't go down any of the narrow

lanes off Calcutta's main roads unless they take a large force. Too often, the sergeant said, a police van has found the lane barricaded and the flying squad, unable to turn around, has been trapped while terrorists threw bombs from the rooftops.

Twenty-one police were killed on duty and 345 wounded in fights with Maoist terrorists over the last nine months, according to police statistics.

"The most vulnerable man in Calcutta," former police commissioner Ranjit Gupta said, "Is the poor police constable who has to live in the slums."

He makes about \$25 a month and there aren't enough guns to allow him to take one home.

A policeman living in the slums tries to pretend he isn't a cop. "My wife has never seen me in my uniform," one 15-year veteran said. But almost every day there is a newspaper report of a constable being wounded or killed near his home.

A year ago, when the largest of the three Communist parties called a mass rally and filled downtown Calcutta's enormous park with farmers and the poorest of workers, there were predictions of imminent disaster.

"If they had been told to burn the city down, they would have burned it down," a man who watched the rally from a safe distance believes.

Gloomy predictions have accompanied numerous more recent flareups including the assassination two months ago of one of Calcutta's leading non-Communist politicians. "When he was jumped outside his house," one man recalls, "it looked like people were going to take to the streets and kill themselves in great numbers."

No one is certain why the lid stays on, but most Indian and western residents here agree with one municipal engineer that Calcutta's people "have an astonishingly high level of tolerance."

Peaceful are the Bengalis, Biharis and other races which make up the 5 million people living in the 34 square miles of central Calcutta (another 3 million live further out by other police

statistics). There was only one reported nonpolitical murder in the last three months, rapes average fewer than 10 a year and there are few other crimes of violence by American standards.

"The beauty of Calcutta," said police Sgt. S. K. Chakrabarty "is that people can be fighting on this side of the street and women and children will be passing by over there."

Sometimes this localization of the violence becomes almost comic. One resident tells of watching from his bedroom window while two rival political factions faced each other in the street below. One leader from each group stepped forward carrying a bomb in a Calcutta version of "High Noon." After lengthy exchanges of threats and verbal abuse, the men buried their bombs, which were weak and did little damage. Everyone walked away unhurt.

A wealthy man was called from a garden party for 200 guests several months ago to answer the telephone.

"You've got 30 minutes to get all your guests out," the caller told him. "If you don't we throw bombs over the wall."

The man lied that the party was his wedding celebration and thereby a most important day in his life. "I can't send all my guests away from my wedding," he said.

"I didn't realize it was your wedding," the bomber replied. "Forgive me for bothering you." Half an hour later, the bomber called back to offer fuller, more polite congratulations on the happy occasion. The party went on uninterrupted.

Calcutta's epidemic of political violence is less than four years old, dating roughly from the 1967 peasant uprising in a village called Naxalbari, about 250 miles north of this city. The communist-inspired uprising against local landlords was put down quickly and savagely, but the Naxalites took their name from the village and their revolutionary movement has grown.

Calcutta's Naxalites are a curious revolutionary party, embracing Mao Tse-tung as their leader and formally calling themselves the Communist Party (Marxist-Leninist). In addition to having a non-Indian supreme leader, the Naxalites believe in a non-Indian theory—that almost random acts of violence will break down law and order,

then the government, and pave the way for a general uprising of the masses.

It is generally believed that Calcutta's most brilliant university students join the Naxalites, but this may be myth and exactly who leads the movement is unclear. In any case the leaders, the ideologues, do not do their own killings.

Instead, thugs who have been in trouble with the police find themselves taken under the wing of the Naxalite party, rather as the Mafia works in the United States. In exchange for a moderate allowance, protection from the police, bail when they are arrested and the security of belonging to an organization, these thugs commit murder and bombings on instruction.

Naxalites and their thugs spend a lot of time fighting among themselves. In two years they have managed to split into an estimated 15 factions and they save many of their best bombs for the latest heretic within their movement.

Charu Mazumdar, the original ideologist of the Naxalites, is believed to be living in Bihar state to escape the more active army and police of West Bengal. Officials say he receives about \$80 a month from properties he owns in a northern Bengal town while exhorting peasants to seize land. While the Naxalites practice random murder, Mazumdar's wife supports herself selling life insurance.

Former police commissioner Gupta believes the Naxalites have passed their high-water mark. "There has been real cleavage between the student ideologue and the urban antisocial guerrilla," he said. "Most students have become horrified by the terror tactics and now they are looking for another political path."

Other Calcutta residents doubt the Naxalites are declining. Some believe they have temporarily turned away from Calcutta to work with the Bangala Desh revolution across the border in East Pakistan. Others think the slight decline in terrorist incidents since March is entirely due to the presence of an army brigade which has run cordon and search operations through many of Calcutta's most dangerous areas.

At dawn almost every day, troops with rifles and bayonets ready can

be seen surrounding a slum neighborhood, cutting off all escape while police and other soldiers comb the shacks for weapons and explosives.

The army is too tough for the terrorists and they usually don't resist. Only one soldier has been killed here. If the army's presence is responsible for the comparative quiet in Calcutta (now fewer than two murders a day) everyone agrees that violence will rise again soon.

"The trouble with people who put on a uniform is that they think everything can be done by force," Gupta, the career police officer who is also a leading anthropologist, said. He is proudest of the counselling of youths his department has done.

"There are 350,000 university students in Calcutta, but last year we only had to arrest 219," Gupta said. "We interviewed thousands and thousands of parents and our success shows that extremism is not inevitable and it can be fought in a civilized manner."

The Naxalites' worst enemy, next to the army and police, is the Communist Party (Marxist), the largest political party in West Bengal. Calcutta is the capital of West Bengal. The Marxists got about 40 per cent of the vote in the March election and are now in opposition to a shaky coalition state government dominated by premier Indira Gandhi's Congress Party.

"Calcutta is a battlefield, like an occupied country," Promode Dasgupta, the white-haired Marxist Party secretary general, said.

"The police can shoot anybody. There is no defense in court," Dasgupta claims that 250 of his party workers were murdered by police in the last year. He is bitter that his party was not asked to form the new state government and pledges that despite police and army efforts there will be mass demonstrations against the Congress-led coalition government.

The Marxists follow neither Peking nor Moscow and their modest headquarters on a narrow street is decorated with the portraits of only two Communist leaders—Lenin and Ho Chi Minh.

Most Naxalites started in the Marxist Party and broke away when they despaired of the parliamentary road to power. Dasgupta believes in using

parliamentary means and mass, but nonviolent, demonstrations to attain power.

As a result of their former links, each party knows too much about the other and the thugs they each employ often battle in Calcutta's streets. The Naxalites campaigned for non-Marxist candidates in the closing days of the election campaign in an attempt to prevent a Marxist electoral victory.

Dasgupta, a soft-spoken man who knows his doctrine well, scorns the less carefully reasoned thinking of the Naxalites. "One section of Naxalites believes (Pakistan president) Yahya Khan is a progressive and (East Pakistan leader) Sheik Mujib is a CIA agent," he said.

Calcutta's violence and enormous gap between rich and poor dominate any picture of the city. On the Royal Calcutta Golf Course recently a foursome watched three men chase another across the fairways. When the golfers came to the sixth hole they met the three coming back and found the other man murdered.

At the Tollygunge Club, bombs were thrown over the fence, narrowly missing the horses running in the third race. "What a life," a European remarked.

Calcutta also has many of the virtues of a great city. It is probably India's most important center of painting, music and theater. There is endless good conservation about literature and art as well as politics, and Calcuttans pride themselves on being more intellectual than other Indians.

Many non-Bengalis from other parts of India scorn the Bengalis for their love of talk and legendary reluctance to take action. The scorn is returned. "This is the only place I would live," the young man said.

Behind the headlines of political violence and the rich Bengali cultural life are the desperately poor and the desperately inadequate public facilities of Calcutta which make this city a grim warning to other nations that would let their cities decay.

More than three-fourths of Calcutta is unsewered and without running water. When the monsoon rains come each year, large portions of Calcutta flood because there is no drainage. For more than two months last year,

eastern Calcutta was under several feet of water. Those drainage and water pipes that exist are aged and likely to give out soon. After a rain raises the water table, muddy water soaks through the porous water pipes and all taps give out a gritty brown liquid.

There is so little electricity that the city is ominously dark each night as though there had been a power failure.

More than 50 per cent of Calcutta's people are unemployed or underemployed. Every day, desperately thin men push heavy carts through the streets for a few pennies in wages.

The competition for jobs is so intense that one constant demand of university students is that they be allowed to cheat on exams. To have any chance of getting a job, a graduate needs an honors degree; many students cheat to get them or buy them from their teachers.

One step up the economic ladder from the unregistered, uncounted thousands of people who live on Calcutta's sidewalks are the more than 1.5 million bustee dwellers. A bustee is a pocket of almost rural poverty within the city.

All city facilities stop at the edges of the bustees, yet the bustees are not new squatter communities. They have been here for as long as 100 years. Most bustee residents moved into Calcutta in the late 19th century when it was the capital of British India and the British needed labor to build the city and the huge port. They have never gone back to the countryside, but they have a highly developed "Village" structure within each bustee. The biggest of Calcutta's 3,000 bustees has about 50,000 people, but the average size is between 5,000 and 10,000.

For years, planners talked of rebuilding the bustee areas, which have a few brick huts but are mostly mud shacks similar to those in the Bengal countryside. However, they realized 10 years ago that India would never be rich enough for a major renewal operation and sights were lowered to a modest bustee improvement program that will bring water taps and sanitary toilets into the bustees. The goal is one tap for every 50 people and one sanitary toilet for every 25.

Kasia Bagan in the park circus section of Calcutta is one of the less

dangerous for strangers to visit but Kasia Bagan's local leaders are sociable and are quick to begin a tour of the privies which are under construction.

Of the 8,000 residents about 65 per cent are unemployed. Some of the luckier men have ill-paying jobs rolling cigarettes from butts collected around the city or working in tiny tailoring shops.

As in most bustees, the shacks are owned by landlords who live in better parts of the city. Rents run between \$1.25 and \$1.80 a month for one room in a hut of five or six small rooms.

In one of the larger buildings several women besieged visitors with complaints that their sanitary toilet was not being built rapidly enough.

"The bustee people get very hostile toward our program if they are made promises and then work is delayed," one Indian engineer remarked. "You can't satisfy all the people," he said, "So there are many tensions."

In 1959 the World Health Organization rushed into Calcutta because the city was thought to be a major seat of cholera. But disease has not been a major problem.

Why haven't there been serious epidemics? one official was asked.

"I'm damned if I know," he replied.

Although all predictions of imminent disaster have been unfulfilled, a majority of people here are still ready to bet there will be a massive, violent and largely uncontrolled uprising in Calcutta before there are meaningful municipal improvements. □

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In View of the Majestic Peaks

Queen of Hill Resorts

Government of India Tourist Office

Darjeeling—the "Queen of Hill Resorts"—in the southeastern Himalayas, has always attracted the tourists with its varied charms. The resort commands a view of the majestic peaks of Everest and Kanchanjunga with an array of smaller peaks glittering in the sun. Of the two giant peaks, Kanchanjunga is always in view, while Everest, the highest in the world, appears dwarfed by the smaller peaks because of its distance of 140 miles from Darjeeling.

Set amidst beautiful scenery at an elevation of about 7,000 feet, Darjeeling, with its quaint cottages, nestling on the spurs of the hills, looks picturesque. Long chains of shadowy pines, glistening quarterfalls, quiet lakes on the one hand, and fishing,

golfing, racing, dances, concerts on the other, make it full of exciting contrasts.

One of the greatest attractions of Darjeeling is a view of the sunrise from Tiger Hill. As the crimson sun appears on the horizon, the white peaks glow and throb with color. The spectacle is a display of natural beauty which is beyond description.

The people of Darjeeling—Tibetans, Bhutias, Nepalese, Lepchas and other tribes, in their native dresses, throng the market place with curios providing a colorful sight. The Tibetans come with their prayer wheels, which they twirl as they recite prayers. The Bhutia and Nepalese women wear enormous carved necklaces, hard-dresses of silver and other ornaments.

The raid-head for Darjeeling is Sil-



CBIers who were fortunate enough to spend time at Darjeeling, India, during the war will recognize this view of the "Queen of Hill Resorts."

iguri. From Siliguri one can take a bus, taxi or "toy-train"! The distance is 51 miles. Going by the "toy-train", the tourist will cross bridges and climb hillocks curling its way along the edge of deep precipices for quite some distance, which is considered to be an engineering achievement. The tourist is regaled by magnificent scenery—wooded slopes, with a luxuriant growth of flowers, quaintly-built huts on the fringes of the slopes, glistening waterfalls and streams, till the train reaches Kurseong. Here, suddenly, Mount Kan-chanjunga leaps into view and overwhelms the tourist. The scenery keeps on its endless variety till the train reaches Ghoom, one of the highest railway stations, towering over Darjeeling. This happens to be the last stop on the way to Darjeeling.

Besides the spell of the natural beauty of the Himalayas, there are other attractions—religious, historical, cultural and scientific, in and around Darjeeling.

The Ghoom monastery is one of the most important Buddhist monasteries. Here the image of Maitreya is worshipped. Tibetan translations of Mahapitaka and Tripitaka from the original pali texts are also preserved in this monastery.

Mahakala or the Observatory Hill,

another beauty-spot, is the nucleus of the town. Here on this hill, a stone is dedicated to "Mahakala" or Shiva and worshipped by the pilgrims. There is also a Bhutia shrine where Bhutias come in large numbers for worship.

A visit to the Himalayan Mountaineering Institute is a "must" for, here, you can find out about Mount Everest. Other places of interest are the Sanchal Lake, Lloyd Botanical Garden, Birch Hill, Lebong Race Course.

Kalimpong, 32 miles from Darjeeling, is another colorful town, which you should include in your itinerary since it is famous for its curios and leather goods as well as the magnificent scenery.

Darjeeling is a shopper's paradise. There, you will find curios, carved wooden boxes, exotic pieces of jewelry, handspun shawls, embroidered textiles and object d'arts. All these and many other make choice gifts and unusual souvenirs which will remind you of Darjeeling and its charm.

Darjeeling is but one of the many tourist attractions in India which lure the visitor. Further information on these and the economical aspects of travel in India can be obtained by writing to the Government of India Tourist Office at 685 Market Street, San Francisco 5, California.



WARTIME picture (left) shows Sidney R. Rose, first ATC communications officer in China, at the controls of the Kunming headquarters ATC station. Rose, who set up the original network of stations in China and later was a staff member of CBI Roundup at New Delhi, is now vice president of Milwaukee Sprayer Manufacturing Co., Inc., Milwaukee, Wis. Picture at right shows him at his amateur radio station, W9VKK, which he has owned and operated for almost 40 years. He regularly talks on the air to a number of CBIers; and recently returned from an extensive trip to Australia, New Zealand, Tahiti and Fiji, where he also visited "hams" he has met on the air. Roundup readers interested in starting a network of CBI "hams" may contact Rose at 3150 N. Colonial Dr., Milwaukee, Wis. 53222.

CBI Personality

"CBI Personality," which will appear in *Ex-CBI Roundup* from time to time, is an attempt to relate a little personal information about some of those who served in the China-Burma-India area. Some of these items will be written by readers, others clipped from various publications . . . perhaps YOU know of someone you would like to tell about in this column. We invite your contributions.

From the Scranton, Pa.,
Sunday Times

Wigs and whales, privates and generals, tourists and VIPs, show folk and plain folk, in war and peace—at one time or another William H. Seamans of Lake Sheridan has had them all as passengers or cargo during his 37 years of flying.

His family, long prominent in farming, business, athletic and social circles throughout the Factoryville area, could be called without fear of error "the Flying Seamans."

Mr. Seamans estimates that among his brother, nephews and cousins there have been 13 aviators over the years and he pridefully points out "I trained them all."

Nor does the affinity for the air stop there. Mr. Seaman's wife, Tina, a native of Italy, is a former stewardess and public relations representative for Alitalia Airlines.

For 19 years Mr. Seamans has been a pilot for the Flying Tiger Line—America's pioneer cargo airline—and for the past 33 years his flying has been limited exclusively to long trans-Pacific flights into and out of the Far East, most of which could be labeled "Destination Vietnam."

Seamans' time in the air is limited by contract to 240 hours per quarter (three months) and as a result he's able to spend approximately half of his days at home.

Last week a Sunday Times reporter found Seamans relaxing from his Vietnam roundtrips at home—a spacious manor-type dwelling which his parents, the late Mr. and Mrs. Harry Seamans, built on 320 rolling acres east of Factoryville.

Although a civilian, Seamans has had

more first-hand contact with Vietnamese and U.S. fighting forces than many chair-bound military figures and his admiration for the U.S. troops is obvious.

"I gather the war is just about over there as far as we're concerned", he said about the U.S. cutbacks in combat strength.

"I think the spirit in Vietnam is very good. Naturally there are times when they're scared over there. So was I in World War II and these kids are no different. I was scared, and I didn't want to go any more than anybody else but I went. So did these kids today."

Asked whether he has had any "close calls" on his flights in and out of the war zone he recalled being in Saigon "one night during the Tet festival a year ago last February. They were fighting all over the place and there were times when you didn't know who was who."

"Ordinarily," he added, "I just watch the fireworks and I've seen lots of fireworks."

Seamans lands in Vietnam wherever his cargo is destined, be it Saigon, Bien Hoa, Da Nang or one of several other air bases.

"It's dangerous in a way going into these places," he pointed out, "even though it's controlled. There's so much traffic in the air—bombers, transports, fighters, helicopters, gunships. Even though it's controlled the control can't be seen."

Seamans does not pretend to be able to forecast Vietnam's future.

"Who knows?" he said in that respect. "I've talked to generals we've had on board and they don't know. Who knows? The war will cease eventually but I think eventually there also might be a bloodbath there."

One of Seamans' prized possessions is a framed commendation from Air Force Gen. Jack Catton for "sustained aerial support of U.S. Armed Forces engaged in combat operations in Vietnam" from Sept. 14, 1966 to Dec. 14, 1969.

Seamans, now 55, can look forward to only five more years of international flying before the mandatory retirement age grounds him and he intends to remain a Flying Tiger pilot to the end.

He's an international pilot by choice.

"I like to fly internationally," Sea-

mans said, "and I like the flavor of international living. Besides that, I'm home half the time."

"I hate to drive with a passion, and when I was on domestic routes I'd spend half my free time driving home and back."

Seaman's flying days date back to 1933, when he became a licensed pilot at the age of 18. Three years later he qualified for a commercial license and subsequently operated an airport and flying school in Newport News, Va.

"At the time," he recalls, "we were training fliers for what was to come (World War II) and our school was awarded the No. 2 U.S. contract."

Later he became a civilian ferry pilot for the military and after the outbreak of World War II was commissioned in the Army Air Force.

His wartime service was principally with the 20th Air Force in China, during which he logged more than 800 hours of combat flying and 112 flights over "The Hump," the dangerous air route which by that time was the only remaining link between Allied forces in China and Burma.

That service earned him two Distinguished Flying Crosses and two Air Medals.

He flew as a check pilot and special missions pilot. He flew a survey party into the Gobi desert and underground fighters into Amoy. He flew fighters, cargo planes and troop carriers, and was "checked out" as an instructor on 38 types of military aircraft.

"I was going to make a career out of the service," Seamans recalled somewhat ruefully, "but after the war they threw out 330,000 of us."

"I couldn't stand it to stay here and farm," he said, explaining his return to civilian aviation.

After a half dozen years running flying schools, airports, he became a Flying Tiger Line pilot in 1951.

Since then, in his own words, "we've carried horses, snakes, monkeys and whales. On our last Vietnam trip we brought back 87,000 pounds of wigs from Korea."

"We move everything that can be moved by air. It's the 'Can Do Airline.' I only wish somebody would sit down and write a book about the pilots and other people in our organization."

It certainly would be something. We've learned by making mistakes and I think without a doubt the Flying Tigers are the finest bunch I've ever met as a whole. I've never seen people so dedicated."

As a flier, Seamans lived a dangerous but charmed life. "I had a total of 34 deadstick (forced) landings. But I've only been hurt once. That's when I ran out of altitude and knowledge at the same time over the Allegheny Mountains."

When retirement does come, as it must, five years from now, Seamans will not have to turn his back on flying.

With his brother, Robert, who lives "just over the hill" and is a veteran pilot and captain with National Airlines, Seamans intends to join in the operation of their own airport which is now operated alone by his brother "over the hill."

"It's the poor man's commercial airport and we intend to keep it that way. We have 12 privately owned planes there now and nobody pays a cent to operate out of that field."

In a sense, Seamans can credit his flying career to his family, which includes his charming wife, Tina, and pretty 10-year-old daughter, Susan.

Mrs. Seamans, a native of Milano, Italy, was educated as a school teacher but instead became a stewardess for Alitalia Airlines. Her personality and ability to speak four languages eventually meant her assignment to Rome International Airport in a public relations capacity.

The Flying Tigers Line has no office of its own in Rome and uses the Alitalia facilities.

The couple met there in the spring of 1957 and were married in Detroit in 1959, while Seamans was flying for the "nonskeds."

"I think if Bill lives to be 100 he'll still be flying," said Mrs. Seamans. □

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Tales of CBI

By Clyde H. Cowan

WHAT, NO BANDAIDS?

This balding oldster has yet to pursue the study of Bacteriology, and would hardly recognize a Spirochete if he were to meet one on the boulevard. However, as a firm believer in arts and sciences of First Aid, as explained in my Boy Scout Handbook (1920), here is a yarn to confuse the faithful users of bandaids. Some Pre-Med students will note that Bacillus Tetani was caught napping and missed a sure thing.

During the monsoon season of 1944, Army Postal Unit 629 vacated its one-room hut on a tea estate in the sleepy little hamlet of Dikom. A larger basha had been built for this Army Post Office near the take-off end of Chabua Air Strip.

It would be less than the truth if I were to declare that our new tent area was one of quietude and mental calmness. At least a dozen A.T.C. planes were constantly warming up to provide a flight overhead every three to five minutes. This was a round-the-clock process and we scarcely noticed the shrill peanut-whistle of the Disbrough and Sadiya Trains as they chugged between Di-brugahr and Tinsukia.

Our canvas dwellings were without flooring when we first moved in, but soon us Postal Clerks, being used to the finer things in life, began to murmur. Lumber from discarded crates, plus Yankee handicraft, resulted in some of the finest hardwood floors to be found in Upper Assam. An occasional knot hole afforded us an ideal depository for worn-out razor blades.

During those "Duration, Plus Six Months" years of our life, we lived in a planned economy, by courtesy of the War Dept. In due time, the Front Office of the Pentagon decided that concrete paving in our tents just might hasten the downfall of our Imperial Enemy. Through the make-believe magic of Reverse Lend Lease, the entire project would not cost Uncle Sam one thin rupee.

The job was awarded to a local con-

tractor. This satin-haired Wog had the quaint habit of wearing a tuxedo jacket while masterminding the activities of his workmen. Countless generations of moths had purloined the majority of woolen calories in this garment, since it left Abe's Nifty Suit Emporium, on South Main Street in 1925.

The concrete work was completed tent by tent while their occupants found other quarters. When the work crew came to my abode, the Babu ordered his coolies to pry up the floor sections. As they were carried out, a dozen baby rats were suddenly made homeless. One of the tradesmen jumped on these little rodents with his unshod feet and soon trampled them to death.

His feet also contacted numerous razor blades that we had ditched in the handy little knot holes. The sight of blood caused the injured man to seek the cooling waters of a nearby stagnant pond. Then he seemed to forget the incident and continued with his labors. To my knowledge, he never bandaged those cuts or applied germicide. He worked for the next fortnight, when the contract was completed. Not once did I observe him wearing any type of footgear. There were no signs of trouble from the razor blade cuts. Was he immune to infection? Was there a therapeutic penicillin mold in the humid earth? Does medical science know the answer? □

Be Sure to Notify

Roundup

When You Change

Your Address.

BOOK REVIEWS



ON THE COMPANY'S SERVICE. By Ellis K. Meacham. Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass. April 1971. \$6.95.

This book is a collection of three novelettes, all dealing with the adventures of Captain Percival Merewether of the East India Company Bombay Marine at the start of the 19th century. A continuation of the series begun with "The East India-man," with lots of period sea adventure.

CHINA: Selected Readings on the Middle Kingdoms. Edited by Leon Hellerman and Alan Stein, with an introduction by Yu-Kuang Chu. Washington Square Press Original. March 1971. Paperback, 95c.

A collection of "readings" giving a wide-angled view of many aspects of China: geography, history, literature, religion and politics. Includes short stories, articles, interpretations, etc., most of which are short and easy to read.

THE THREE DAUGHTERS OF MADAME LIANG. By Pearl S. Buck. Pocket Books, Inc., New York. March 1971. Paperback, 95c.

Despite problems of living under the Communist regime, Madame Liang, owner of the most fashionable restaurant in Shanghai, manages to maintain elegance and gourmet foods. She has sent her three daughters to the West, but she herself remains in China out of loyalty to and love for her land and people. Eventually two of the daughters return to China. One becomes a Communist, the other goes back to the West.

THE BIG RED SUN. By Daniel La-rany. Prentice-Hall, Inc., Englewood Cliffs, N.J. April 1971. \$6.95.

An espionage story with a big cast of spies and politics by French journalist who spent three years in China. Georges Benachen, an amateur revolutionary, is sent by French intelligence to Peking to arrange for the escape of a high party official. The Cultural Revolution is at its height when he arrives. Getting involved with a Russian agent, a Japanese who works

for the CIA, a French undercover man, and a Chinese girl, Georges finds himself a loser.

THE QUIET MIND. By John E. Coleman. Harper & Rowe, New York. April 1971. \$5.95.

A former employee of the CIA tells about his study of the "inscrutable" Orient and its mystical practices in search of "the quiet mind." During off-duty hours he let himself be hypnotized for "relaxation" in Thailand, did some reading in Buddhism, met and was impressed in Burma by a government official who was also a "clarified mind", explored the sexual practices of Tantrism in Nepal, etc. The author's observations in some cases indicate that may have been more of a tourist than an expert.

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE BUDDHA. By Rene Grousset. Grossman Publishers, New York. May 1971. \$10.00.

Written by a distinguished French orientalist, this book covers Asia's political, intellectual, religious and artistic activities during the humanistic Buddhist Middle Ages.

MOTIVE FOR A MISSION. By James Douglas-Hamilton. St. Martin's Press, Inc., New York. April 1971. \$8.95.

Not a CBI book but an interesting report on an interesting event of World War II. In May, 1941, Rudolph Hess, Hitler's First Deputy, in German uniform, flew alone in a Messerschmidt to the British Isles, evaded anti-aircraft attack, and landed near his mark, the estate of the Duke of Hamilton in Scotland. His mission was to make peace between Germany and England. This history of the dramatic event is the work of a man who was in a unique position, as Hamilton's son, to acquire firsthand knowledge. He has also done thorough research in England and in Germany to answer many of the questions concerning the Hess flight.

THE CARRION EATERS. By W. H. Ballinger. Prentice-Hall, Inc., Englewood Cliffs, N.J. May 1971. \$6.95.

An adventurous, complex novel set along India's northwest frontier at the end of the British Raj. A series of intrigues are crushed in the border kingdom of Chan when the Carrion Eaters, an international group of exploiters, is caught up with its victims in a bloody war that pits Moslems against Hindus.

50 Yards from Red China

By DAVID J. PAINE
The Associated Press

Bayonet fixed, the Communist Chinese border guard steps slowly along the bank of the small island 50 yards across the muddy inlet from Macao. He stops to watch as a taxi arrives on the opposite bank and an American tourist gets out to ogle him.

Unhurriedly, he paces back to the round, yellow blockhouse and stares through the square window across what is known as Duck Channel.

A short distance away in the casino of the newly built Hotel Lisbon, a corpulent Chinese importer from Hong Kong who has been playing blackjack through the night and has lost \$6,000 wearily withdraws from the table.

Macao, in an age of dwindling imperialism and colonialism, is an anomaly. It is a relic of the bygone era of gunboat diplomacy when European powers contested trading rights along the China coast.

Part of the Chinese mainland, 40 miles west of Hong Kong, it has been a Portuguese territory since 1557 and for centuries was a major gateway to China.

It was here on July 3, 1884, that the first treaty between China and the United States was signed, the Treaty of Wang Hsia declaring "perfect, permanent, universal peace," between the two countries.

The tiny, six-square-mile outpost of Portugal exists in the shadow of the Communist Chinese giant.

Portugal and Red China do not recognize each other, but the Portuguese administration in Macao trends gingerly to avoid upsetting either the Chinese Communists in its own backyard or the ones across the border.

There was a short-lived showdown in late 1966 and early 1967 when local Communists, influenced by the growing Cultural Revolution in China, rioted and eight were killed by police. It was a major turning point in the history of Macao, which since then has bowed to Communist influence.

Peking backed the rioters and the price the Portuguese paid for a peace-

ful settlement included an abject apology for their actions, a guarantee that police and troops never again would fire on Chinese, suspension of all Nationalist Chinese activities in Macao and the barring of refugees fleeing mainland China. A number of refugees Peking wanted back were returned.

A Westerner living in Macao since before the riots estimates there are only about 500 hard-core Communists, with another 2,000 active sympathizers. With Red China hovering in the background, they are powerful enough to call the tune in the territory. For demonstrations they can put on the streets thousands of people, including children from Communist-run schools. Trade unions are the backbone of the Communist movement.

But Macao is peaceful, a quiet backwater of cobbled streets, narrow alleys adorned with myriad Chinese signs, temples with incense-laden air and pedicabs.

Young lovers stroll at night along the Rua do Praia Grande, a handsome boulevard skirting the water's edge. Angular junks glide gracefully around the point past the old fortress of San Tiago da Barra, built in 1629.

Macao has no airport and the constant silting of its harbor as mud swirls down the Yellow River precludes all vessels except those with a shallow draft. Visitors must travel first to Hong Kong and go from there to Macao by hydrofoil or the slower ferry.

In 1960, according to a census, Macao had a population of 169,299. Swelled by tens of thousands of refugees who streamed in from Communist China in the early and middle '60's, this figure is now estimated at 300,000.

Perhaps only 2,000 including most of the 600-odd military contingent, are pure Portuguese. About 5,000 are Macanese, a Portuguese-Chinese mixture often also including strains picked up in the other parts of Asia as the Portuguese over the centuries wandered further into the Orient.

Close to 98 per cent of the population is Chinese and few speak Portuguese. Even English is more widely spoken. Yet the Portuguese in Macao

remain proud of their traditions and their past.

"We have been here for more than four centuries, you know," a young government official says. "We have a duty to remain in Macao and carry on."

Portuguese architecture is evident everywhere in Macao. Portuguese wines and traditional foods like Bacalhau (codfish) can be obtained as easily as rice and noodles—except when someone forgets to renew supplies specially shipped in from Lisbon.

The Portuguese administration is headed by Gov. Jose Manuel de Sousa e Faro Nebra de Carvalho, who had a torrid baptism in the territory when he was confronted with the major disturbances of December, 1966, only six days after arriving in Macao.

Two of the most important figures in Macao are Chinese both bearing the name Ho. They are not related.

One is Ho Yin, a 63-year-old millionaire with strong Communist connections who is Peking's front man in dealings with the Portuguese administration. The other is Stanley Ho, 49, also a millionaire and head of the gambling syndicate which operates Macao's four casinos.

Ho Yin, the most influential Chinese in Macao, is the Chinese people's representative on the Macao legislative council. He is a member of the wealthy syndicates which import gold and control the popular dog racing and allied totalisator betting.

It's an old saying in Macao that the streets should be paved with gold. About a ton of the precious yellow metal is imported every week and official figures show not a single ounce being exported.

The popular theory is that, except for a small amount retained for industrial purposes, it is smuggled to other Asian countries.

Because of its casinos, Macao has been given labels like "the poor man's Las Vegas" and "the Monte Carlo of the East."

Three of the casinos, including one on a three-story vessel looking like a riverboat without a paddle, offer Western-style gambling like blackjack, baccarat, roulette and craps as well as Chinese games like fan tan and

high-low dice. The fourth casino has exclusively Chinese gambling.

Most of the big gamblers are Hong Kong Chinese and a few other foreigners.

Stanley Ho, who heads the syndicate of businessmen holding the casino monopoly, says the syndicate pays about \$944,000 a year to the administration for the monopoly and in addition to sinking money into investments such as hotels, it is obliged to spend about \$166,000 annually on harbor dredging and other public works.

He says the casinos' gross profit averages \$5 million to \$6.7 million a year.

Some Macao people disapprove of the heavy gambling at the casinos and at the Canidrome dogtrack, where Australian-bred and trained greyhounds draw big crowds who bet heavily.

But the gambling, through monopoly payments and taxes, pays for one-sixth of the budget, directly or indirectly supports a good chunk of the population, and is a main attraction for streams of free-spending tourists. Without it, Macao would face a financial crisis.

The economy of the Portuguese territory leans heavily on tourism and gambling and there is comparatively little industry. Textiles, fireworks and plastics are the main exports.

Despite the January, 1967, agreement whereby Portugal promised to return all refugees from Red China, some still slip through the net to Macao. Best estimates put their number at about 20 a month, but no one can be sure about this shadowy traffic.

Portuguese authorities for the record stick to the rules about sending them back, but in actual fact turn a blind eye wherever possible. Heavy Communist patrols at places like Duck Channel, a onetime popular escape route, and gray Communist gunboats ostentatiously anchored a few hundred yards off Macao do not stop the refugees.

Macao has a refugee population estimated at 80,000. One person in every four is a refugee. Most left China legally between 1949 and 1966.

For many of the refugees, Macao is only a stopover on the way to Hong Kong.

Hong Kong, with its heavier indus-

trialization and chances of a better paying job, together with the lure of brighter lights, holds more for them than Macao can offer. They also feel safer from the Red Chinese in Hong Kong than in Macao.

They pay \$100 to \$200, or more, to be smuggled into Hong Kong in junks or other small vessels known as "snakeboats."

Outnumbering them on the crowded

boats are young people from Macao who are barred by the British colony's immigration laws from legally moving to Hong Kong but are lured by the same hopes of a better life that draw the refugees.

If you ask a resident what is Macao's most popular sport, he probably will answer with a smile: "Watching TV or the movies." □

It Happened in CBI

Readers are invited to contribute little stories about CBI incidents for publication in "It Happened in CBI," which will appear from time to time in Ex-CBI Roundup. Almost everyone knows of at least one item of interest . . . this could be a most interesting regular feature. Send your stories to Roundup.

By C. G. RICHARDSON
Atlanta, Ga.

My introduction to the CBI was March 19, 1943. Our ship, the West Point, discharged our outfit, the 402nd Signal Company, at Bombay, India.

We went ashore, awaiting another ship to take us to Karachi.

My good friend and pal, Sgt. James W. Blackwell, and I went into the city looking and wondering what was in store for our future.

About noon we went into a cafe and noticed on the menu sandwiches were available, so we ordered a ham sandwich each with coffee only to be told the minimum amount served would be one half dozen.

For us to eat three sandwiches each was too much, but being hungry we accepted the minimum half dozen order. The waiter returned with the order and there on the plate were six very small sandwiches about one inch square. We called the waiter and asked if this was a joke or what? He explained sandwiches are served as shown and arranged no other way.

We finished the tidbits and then asked for two fried eggs and four slices of bread the size of the loaf so that we could show them how we like sandwiches.

The waiter looked at the oversized

lunch in wonderment, shaking his head. Guess he wondered how these crazy Americans would ever win this war.

This was only one of many strange customs we encountered between Bombay, India, and Myitkyina, Burma.

By LARRY KEMP
Darien, Conn.

In India we had plenty of help in the barracks. The natives were eager to earn extra rupees. But some of their methods of working were primitive. For instance, their laundry technique. The dhobi-wallah would dip an article of clothing in water. Then raising it over his head, he vigorously beat it against a stone or cement—repeating the action until the job was done. When we got it back the chastised laundry was cleaner, but we often had to sew new buttons on our shirts, pants and underwear. This we didn't mind too much. But one of the fellows in our barracks had a sad experience.

He had turned over a pair of trousers to a native to wash. As he sat in the shade watching him soak and bang the trousers he dreamed of his three day pass coming up the next day. Suddenly his whole body tensed. The native had just let go with another tremendous wallop on the hard cement. My friend had just remembered he had left his new watch in the pocket. "My watch!" he yelled. "Wait!"

But before he could reach the startled native the trousers had been dipped and slammed again. A couple of minutes later my friend stood alongside the Indian, dripping trousers in one hand and a handful of watch parts in the other. If only it had been his old watch! But he had just bought this one last pay day. This was one time the laundry service didn't seem like such a good deal. □

EX-CBI ROUNDUP



CBI DATELINE



From The Statesman

COCHIN—Who eat more Kerala cashew nuts, the Americans or the Russians? This is the latest competition between the USA and the Soviet Union. A year ago the Americans came in first, but then the Soviets overtook them. In this keenly contested race, the USA once again has taken the lead, importing 24,200 tons of cashew nuts from Kerala.

SHILLONG—Two young lovers were in jail, facing a murder charge. It is understood that two young men loved the same girl. One of them managed to elope with her, and the other challenged his competitor to a duel. The duel took place in the presence of the girl. The challenger soon had the other on the run. The girl, not liking the trend of the fight, joined in and a stone allegedly thrown by her struck the challenger on his head and killed him. The incident took place at Desoijan village about 10 km from Doom Dooma.

SILIGURI—A railway employee, the police said, was wanted in connection with 39 criminal cases, including seven murders. The man had become the "terror" of the New Jalpaiguri railway colony area. Police said the man received his salary from the railways though he never went to work. He terrified his superiors, who never dared to report him. Recovered from his quarters in the New Jalpaiguri railway was a piece of wood bristling with nails—a contraption he pressed against his victims to extort money.

SHILLONG—For the first time in the tribal history of Meghalaya's Khasi Hills a woman has become a "Raja". Ka Pailamon, a spinster in her fifties, is the proud "King" of one of the most war-like sylemships of Nongkhlaw, near the Pakistani border. A Raja, according to custom, is elected democratically for life by an electoral college called the Durbar of Sirdars. There are about 23 Syiems (Kings) in Meghalaya's Khasi Hills, and these continue to rule over their domains

subject to certain control by the autonomous District Council. All these Rajas were parties to the instrument of their accession to the Indian Union after the British left.

PATNA—A gang looted a goods train near Purandarpur on the Patna-Gaya line. The train was reportedly stopped by the looters changing the green signal to red with the help of an iron rod. The gangsters decamped with cigarette packages and other goods estimated to be worth about Rs 50,000. They had a truck to carry the loot.

NEW DELHI—The tonga may be on its way out and the ekka has definitely vanished from the Capital. It, however, survives in small towns and villages but with a waning popularity. Faster modes of transport, particularly the bicycle, which is also used to carry two like the ekka, have overtaken this leisurely cart. The ekka was once the ideal vehicle for purdah women since it could conceal the identity of its occupants with just a sheet drawn around it for a screen. The old inhabitants of Delhi recall that though not very numerous even 50 years ago, the ekka was nonetheless much in use in the walled city. Those days are gone and with the emergence of the motor car, even the tonga and buggy have been left far behind in the race which the ekka lost earlier.

SANTINIKETAN—A small group of rowdies exploded a cracker inside the dramatic performance hall during the school's test examination. Two of the rowdies were caught by gardeners and later handed over to police. The examination went on peacefully.

GURUVAYOOR—The Kerala Temple in the small township of Guruvayoor was heavily damaged by fire, described as accidental. Damage was estimated at more than Rs 500,000. Mercifully the "Shreekovil" was left intact. Also saved were three of the four shrines, Ayyappa, Vigneswara and the Devi. An old painting of "Ananthasayaham" was charred beyond recognition.

NEW DELHI—It is understood that the government has approved a Rs 48-crore program for the modernization of the jute industry and diversification of its products. The main emphasis was to be on the export of carpet backing, for which there is growing need.

Righteous Harmonious Fist

This article on problems of New York's Chinese community is one in a series published by the New York Daily News, on some of the city's lesser-known ethnic minorities. The youth problem, the article points out, is not the only one facing Chinatown.

BY MICHAEL POUSNER
AND FRANK FASO

From New York Daily News

Although the scene and costumes are familiar, the actors are a surprise. Long-haired kids in leather jackets and bell-bottoms clustered sullenly under the street lamps, cigarettes dangling loosely. There is the acrid aroma of marijuana in the air, and almost palpable insolence in the voices that verbally assault adult passers-by.

Flatbush, the lower East Side, the upper West Side—in any number of neighborhoods such a scene is commonplace.

But we are talking here of Chinatown. And if, on the second day of this new Chinese Year of the Boar, you still think of Chinatown as an oasis of tranquility and the last stronghold of the old-fashioned father-centered family, you've got some catching up to do.

For a number of reasons, the youthquake that has resulted in so much controversy in American society has rather quietly penetrated Mott St.'s muted precincts, and indications are that the cultural gap which it constitutes is widening.

There have recently been a number of gang-style murders in Chinatown, the worst outbreak since the tong wars of the '20's, and there has been a corresponding increase in all kinds of juvenile crime—from shoplifting to conventional burglaries to extortion.

Even more startling, perhaps, is the presence of a young and militant group called I Wor Kuen, which goes about quoting not Confucius but Chairman Mao. The group, the name of which means "Righteous, Harmonious Fist," claims brotherhood with the Black Panthers and the Young Lords and has done some harassing of tourist busses for "exploiting" Chinatown.

As the Chinese-American Times put

it editorially: "The aberrant youth problem is not a sleeping tiger any more, it's rampant."

A 1965 change in the immigration law was the principal vehicle whereby most of these transformations came to Chinatown. Before that time, Chinese immigration into the U.S. was pegged at 100 each year. Now the annual limit is 20,000, and about 8,000 of these come to New York, chiefly from Taiwan and Hong Kong.

So between 1965 and today the population of Chinatown has doubled to 50,000 and its boundaries have burst, thrusting out into Little Italy and the lower East Side. A great many of the newcomers, particularly those from the teeming slums of Hong Kong, care something less than a fig for the traditional Chinatown social structure. To them, since many are orphans, the ancient family-centered culture is a vestige of a long-gone past. Their effect on some of the conventionally reared Chinese youth has been catalytic but, many observers would argue, not all bad.

They have, for example, spurred a cultural revival in a community that had become increasingly Americanized. Largely due to their influence, are the tea shops that have recently sprung up to give patrons a new and authentically Chinese alternative to the usual Chinatown restaurant.

One thing the new immigrants have in common with the old is the language barrier, which confines those who can't hurdle it—and they are many—to jobs in Chinatown, where there aren't all that many jobs to be had. So unemployment has entered the Sino-American game with all the usual irritating consequences.

Many of the youthful Hong Kong immigrants find themselves burdened with a double whammy, in fact, since Cantonese, the dialect of Chinatown, is all Greek to them. They speak Mandarin, which is written the same, but sounds quite different. It's rather like an Italian listening to a Frenchman.

Most of these newcomers enter the United States legitimately in quest of a better life.

Some of these young people, however, may contact unscrupulous travel agencies in Hong Kong, which furnish them with money and forged passports to enter the United States. In return, the agencies demand usurious interest on the loans.

Other immigrants get here by notifying friends or contacts who already have immigrated. These often are willing to swear falsely that the new man or woman is a relative. Finally, some of the newcomers are outright stowaways who jump ship in San Francisco.

When the illegal immigrants wind up in New York, they often have no place to stay and nobody to ask for help. The drift into gang membership is rather simple. The Chinatown youth gangs were originally formed supposedly to protect Chinese from nearby Puerto Rican and Italian gangs, but now are inclined to battle among themselves and with groups of American-born Chinese youths.

The gangs' attitude toward American-born Chinese youths is perhaps best summarized by David Chian, a wiry long-haired young man interviewed as he stood with his arm around a miniskirted girl at the corner of Bayard St. and the Bowery. Chian called Chinese youths born in America "tender chickens waiting to have their heads cut off."

The effect of all this on American-born Chinese youths has been dramatic. Many are afraid to venture out at night. Others, parents complain, see newly arrived youths being disrespectful to elders and getting away with it and wonder why they shouldn't act the same way. So they try and, with increasing frequency, succeed.

The youth problem is not the only one facing Chinatown. It is, however, a symbiotic part of a range of problems which seem to feed upon each other: inadequate and overpriced housing; relatively low salaries; crime and the traditional Chinese tendency not to depend on American government to help them out.

The plight of one immigrant family, as related by Chinese-American business executive Charles Kee, illustrates how these problems interact. The father of the family, according to Kee, immigrated to the United States two years ago and got a job for less than

\$100 a week baking fortune cookies.

He then sent for his wife and three teenaged children in Hong Kong. Upon arrival, his wife took a job as a garment finisher in a Chinese factory on Canal St.

The man's province association, comprised of Chinese-Americans from his province in Mainland China, helped him find housing in a railroad flat on Eldridge St. in what was formerly part of Little Italy. He pays \$55 a month rent for the mean accommodations.

The immigrant's 17-year-old son dropped out of high school immediately and is now unemployed. His 15-year-old brother is a student at Jr. High 65 in Chinatown, but has a truancy record. Both boys are known to police as being associated with a gang of Hong Kong Chinese who have had frequent brushes with the law.

Kee talked to the family several times, not only to encourage the parents to be tougher with their kids but— even more important in Chinatown—to save face for the father.

"It's no use," said Kee, shaking his head sadly. "Those kids and their parents are so adapted to slum conditions that they won't listen to anyone."

Two types of groups—the younger, more activist-inclined and the older representatives of the Chinatown establishment—are striving to better the lot of such troubled Chinese youths.

The Maoist faction, I Wor Kuen, certainly fits into the activist category. In addition to threatening the tourist bus, the group recently has demonstrated to get a closed children's gym reopened and is considering starting a free breakfast program along the lines of that of the Black Panthers.

The I Wor Kuen, most of whose members are in their late teens, is headquartered on the first floor of a red-and-yellow painted structure in the shadow of the Manhattan bridge. The walls inside are plastered with portraits of Mao and Che Guevara.

The average Chinese citizen keeps his distance from the I Wor Kuen because, as one put it: "They have their own ideas, and they don't like anyone interfering."

The I Wor Kuen and social service groups run by young persons strongly criticize the largest of the Chinese es-

tablishment organizations, the Chinese Benevolent Association, which traditionally has taken care of intra-Chinatown problems.

This criticism is perhaps exemplified by an I Wor Kuen cartoon in the group's newspaper depicting two dottering Chinese on the Benevolent Association balcony overlooking trouble-beset Chinatown. One is muttering to another, "We'll have to tell Chiang Kai-shek about this."

There is increasing evidence, however, that the Benevolent Association, a coalition of numerous family associations, trade groups and tongs, is finally attempting to come to grips with the youth problems. It is sponsoring a number of Chinese cultural programs and language classes.

Perhaps even more vital to a solu-

tion are indications that many establishment leaders now agree that Chinatown can no longer completely handle its own problems. They are finally out to get their fair share of government assistance and are lobbying for an end to discrimination in employment and housing.

Immediate results of these moves are showing: Police are trying to add Chinese cops to the force, and Manhattan Borough President Percy Sutton has helped set up a Chinatown Advisory Council to help the community better its relations with city government. The problems haven't vanished. Indeed, Chinatown will never be the same. But it has recognized that change must come and has taken some first steps to insure that the change becomes orderly. □

CBI Personality

**From the newspaper of the
United States Military Academy
West Point, N.Y.**

Even the overseas patch which Colonel Ross wears is unique—much like the man himself. Vertical red and white stripes surmounted by the sun of the Republic of China and the American star on a blue field: This is the World War II China-Burma-India campaign patch, the same one worn by such colorful units as the Flying Tigers and "Merrill's Marauders."

But if the patch is rare, the man who wears it also is one of those rare persons whose experiences and background have set him apart.

On Monday, January 11, Colonel James R. Ross, Associate Professor of Chinese and Russian in the Academy's department of foreign languages, was promoted to that rank, an event which further enhanced an already distinguished Army career, and which added another chapter to ■ diverse life.

Colonel Ross has served as an interpreter in two theaters of WW II, worked his way across the Pacific in the boiler room of a freighter to visit his parents in China, graduated from the University of California at Berkeley, sold automobiles and organized

the Chinese language program at West Point.

It is little wonder that Colonel Ross is in the foreign languages field. Born in Northern China in 1924, he was the son of Russian parents who had fled their homeland to avoid the persecutions of the Russian revolution.

In his youth he attained proficiency in these two languages, and his linguistic experiences were enhanced while attending a French missionary high school in China.

In 1940, as China was collapsing before the Japanese invasion, his parents sent him to the U.S. to live with relatives.

His stay here was relatively brief, however, and in 1944 he was in Burma, as an enlisted man serving with the American Liaison staff of the Chinese 38th Division. After a brief tour in Germany the following year, then-Sergeant Ross was discharged.

1949 found him selling automobiles in San Francisco. One day he met a retired Navy commander who convinced him to "re-up" and make a career of the service.

In 1951, Colonel Ross accepted an RA commission. Since that time he has had a variety of assignments.

Colonel Ross was assigned to West Point in 1964. In 1966, he organized the Chinese language program. He became ■ permanent associate professor in 1968. □

Varanasi, City of Death and Eternal Life

BY LISA WOHL
The Associated Press

To India's 450 million Hindus, Varanasi is a city of death and eternal life.

Known to Westerners as Benares and to the devout as Kasi, place of light, Varanasi is said to be the oldest living city in the world. With more than 2,000 temples and 15,000 shrines, it is also the holiest of the seven holy cities of India.

Here the young are initiated into the ancient traditions of their faith, adults sanctify the great and small moments of human life, and old men and women wait patiently for death.

The heart of the city are its ghats—broad stone steps that lead from a high bank down to the Ganges.

Hindus believe that the water of the Ganges washes away their sins and may free them from the cycle of birth, death and rebirth. When this life ends, they hope for eternal peace in union with Brahman, the soul of the universe.

Devotion begins at dawn as barefooted pilgrims walk ghost-like through the narrow streets and spill down the ghats to the Ganges for a ritual bath.

During the day, the air rings with the sound of temple bells, the chanting of priests, the cries of boatmen, the slap of wet clothes on the stone steps as washermen earn their daily bread, and the coming and going of the faithful.

The most awesome of all events along the Ganges takes place at the Manikarnika ghat where the dead are burned and their ashes dropped into the river.

Hindus believe that a man who ends his life purely in this city will never be born again. When their family duties are completed, the old make a last pilgrimage to Varanasi to meditate and prepare for death.

Death comes with jubilation in Varanasi. Bodies of men and widows are shrouded in white. Women, fortunate enough to die before their husbands, are wrapped in red, the color of bride wears.

Although India's most important modern leaders, Mohandas Gandhi, Jawaharlal Nehru and Lal Bahadur Shastri, were cremated in New Delhi, a portion of each man's ashes was sent

to the Ganges at Varanasi.

Wealth in Varanasi often is spent on temples and educational institutions that promote Hinduism's great intellectual traditions. The most famous is Benares Hindu University.

The university may hold the seeds of change in ancient Varanasi. Some students question the elaborate rituals at the ghats.

"Many have lost faith, not in religion, but in traditional aspects of religion," said one professor. "Hinduism has a great philosophical tradition. Going to temples and worshipping is superfluous." □

BACK ISSUES

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EX-CBI ROUNDUP

P. O. BOX 125 Laurens, Iowa

Still a Sell-out After 300 Years

Taj Mahal by Moonlight

Each month the city of Agra in northern India has a sell-out crowd for a show that has been running more than 300 years.

Agra's attraction is the Taj Mahal by moonlight. In recent months the spectacle has drawn up to 60,000 visitors in one night.

Admission is only one rupee (13 cents) except on Fridays, the Moslem sabbath, when there is no charge.

The fairytale edifice is really a tomb—completed in 1653 by Mogul Emperor Shah Jahan for his beloved queen, Mumtaz Mahal.

Although the Taj lures thousands of tourists daily, the night crowds wax and wane with the moon, whose rays are said to best illuminate the beauty of the 17th century white marble monument.

The full moonlight, wrote India's Nobel prize-winning poet, the late Rabindranath Tagore, places the Taj "beyond the realm of language where the hungry eyes come back again and again."

Since avid sightseers in the past have threatened to riot when turned away, Agra officials occasionally extend visiting hours past the midnight deadline on busy nights. Huge crowds in October kept the monument open until dawn.

Extra squads of police working overtime route tourists past barricades in one-way traffic through the gleaming architectural masterpiece.

But law and order haven't destroyed the romance of the Taj, which now is a favorite with Indian honeymooners and college couples.

The lovers keep their communion strictly spiritual, however, for Indian custom frowns on public display of affection.

A few foreign tourists who can make the 124-mile trip from Delhi by train, bus or plane manage to arrange their itineraries to arrive on full moon nights. Dashing from Agra's deluxe tourist buses, they collect enough impressions of airy minarets and arches to fill a postcard destined for home. But the real Taj-buffs are Indian.

"An Indian may not know who the president of India is, but he knows the Taj Mahal," said R. N. Lahiry, manager of the Government of India tourist office at Agra.

Families from across the nation bring their children, who soon grow cranky at being kept up too late. Schoolboys shout inside the Taj to test the famous echo in the main dome.

Indians of a more placid nature recline in the dimly lit gardens to watch the moon rise, and solitary musicians play accordions or flutes before the glistening tomb.

Attendance at the Taj is an informal index of India's economic progress.

"In British times, very few could afford to make the trip to Agra," Lahiry said. "Now the clerks and skilled workers are coming. Someday the farmers will be here too."

Realizing the Taj's great appeal, Agra officials have resisted all attempts to change the monument.

Curio stands and foodstalls are forbidden on the grounds, and numerous proposals to floodlight the Taj after dark have been overruled. □

ARE YOU A TIGER?

If you were assigned or attached to the AVG, CATF, and/or the 14th Air Force, before and during World War II in China, as military, tech representative, Red Cross personnel, or US Civil Service personnel, you can join the unique and colorful FLYING TIGERS of the 14th Air Force Association—a "Last-Man Group".

Write for informational literature to Milt Klein, 9 Interstate St., Suffern, N.Y. 10901.

25th Medical Depot

● Served in CBI with the 25th Medical Depot Company. Thank you for a nice little magazine.

ELIJAH HEUNIG,
North Bergen, N.J.

Cover Photo

● At our basha dinner recently I found out something amusing about the photo on cover of May issue. The instructor shown is Robert P. (Bob) Rowe of Merced, Calif. Bob says the photo appeared in the old Liberty Magazine at the time. When some of his friends and neighbors down in Georgia, gathered in a crossroad country store, discovered Bob's picture in that magazine they took up a collection of pennies, bought a comb and mailed it to Bob at Ramgarh. Wanted to be sure next time he appeared in a national magazine he should have his hair combed. Such was life at Ramgarh!

RAY KIRKPATRICK,
San Francisco, Calif.



MULES waiting to be shod in the blacksmith shop at the 698th QM Remount Depot, 15-mile point on the Ledo Road. U.S. Army Signal Corps photo submitted by R. L. Putnam.

William M. LeFever

● William M. LeFever, 49, a lifelong Denver resident and an employee of the U.S. Post Office in the special delivery department until his retirement in 1970 died January 11 after a long illness. He served in the U.S. Army in India during World War II.

(From a Denver Post clipping submitted by Jerome Jacobs, Denver, Colo.)

Remount Troop

● Served in CBI as a first sergeant of the Quartermaster Remount Troop.

DELVIN MILLER
Meadow Lands, Pa.

DOWN HOME



FUN

CBIVA
AUGUST 4, 5, 6 & 7th

DALLAS IN 71
Reunion



TWO SOLDIERS rest at gate outside a Chinese village near Kunning. Photo by Dwight M. Burkam.

Charles H. Anderson

● Maj. Gen. Charles H. Anderson, 63, former commander of Lowry Technical Training Center, Denver, Colo., died May 27, 1971, at Walter Reed Army Medical Center. A graduate of the U.S. Military Academy, he received his pilot's wings in 1933 and served in the CBI theater during World War II. He is survived by three daughters and four grandchildren.

(From an item in the Denver Post, sent in by Jerome Jacobs, Denver, Colo.)

1380th E.P.D.

● Would like to hear from anyone who served with the 1380th E.P.D. in both India and China.

AUGUST A. FISHER,
1954 Georgia Ave.,
Englewood, Fla. 33533

Finds Many CBiers

● There were relatively few men in the CBI, but I seem to run into them everywhere. Here in the Dominican Republic there are several—one Wimpy Berry, ex-pilot with ATC stationed at Tezpur, India, runs a super-market here. He and I were friends in Tezpur and still are; both of us have married Dominican girls. Others who worked with me on the pipeline which we laid from Calcutta to China were working here to install

pipelines for local drinking water. Ran into six one night in Columbus, Ohio, at a neighborhood bowling alley—so you see, they do get around. As we used to say in the Army—the stories we could tell when we return to Uncle Sugar Able, and some of them true! There are a lot of men I would like to hear from or about—Sgt. Nettis, Sgt. Whirley—and the list goes on!

C. K. McCLINTIC,
Santo Domingo, R.D.

John L. Winters

● John L. (Jack) Winters, 54, of Denver, Colo., drowned January 9, 1971, near Milliken, Colo. During World War II he served in the Air Corps in the CBI theater as a first lieutenant and was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross and the Air Medal. He was a member of the Hump Pilots Association. Survivors include his wife, the former Alice Adams; a son and a daughter.

(From a Denver Post clipping sent in by Jerome Jacobs, Denver, Colo.)

Walter A. Keppler

● Walter A. Keppler, 69, a retired engineer, died May 5 at Cape May County, N.J. A former Cape May County engineer who retired in 1962, he was a longtime member of the Delaware Valley Basha, CBIVA. He served as an officer with the engineers on the Ledo Road. Survivors include his wife and a daughter.

(From an item in the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin, submitted by Robert D. Thomas, Philadelphia, Pa.)



CELEBRATING one year overseas on March 26, 1945, men of the 1880th Engineer Battalion eat barbecued venison at Ledo, Assam, India. Photo by Col. A. E. Perkins.



TWO VIEWS of the QM fixed laundry near Ledo, Assam, India. U.S. Army Signal Corps photos submitted by R. L. Putnam, who served as Advance Section Quartermaster.

Robert J. Lass

● This is to inform you of the death of my brother, Robert J. Lass of Seattle, a CBI veteran and Roundup subscriber, who passed away recently.

FRANK J. LASS,
Seattle, Wash.

was a staff sergeant in World War II and received the Distinguished Flying Cross and the Air Medal. He also received a Presidential Citation after surviving 39 days at the base of the Himalayan Mountains. Surviving are three sisters.

Peter C. Carlin

● Peter C. Carlin, 67, a retired rose grower, died May 11 at Temple University Hospital, Philadelphia. He

(From a Philadelphia Evening Bulletin clipping sent in by Robert D. Thomas, Philadelphia).

Now They Believe!

● A horse cavalry buddy from Wichita, Kansas, recently sent a copy of Roundup to my home in Guatemala City. We were in one of the last training groups to graduate from the Horse Cavalry School at Fort Riley, Kansas. From there we had liaison duty with horse and mule troops of the Chinese 5th Route Army and the New 1st Army. Fortunately, in the CBI, we were always assigned to the same outfits and came out of China together. Since then we have visited each other in Kansas and Guatemala. Over the years, the time gaps have been bridged with letters and correspondence. So it was a nostalgic and happy surprise to receive a sample copy of the Roundup. Also, it gave me an unexpected bonus; at last, my three children really started to believe, "of course there was a CBI, let me tell you about it." Really sorry to have missed so many years; however, better late than never! And after all this time, I shall await (with the kids) each new issue with great anticipation.

ROBERT C. BRIXIUS,
Guatemala City, Guatemala

779th Engineers

● Landed in Bombay, then went across India to Margherita. I was with a pipeline outfit, 779th Engineers; we were one of the companies that laid the oil and gas line along the Burma or Ledo Road to Kunming, China. I was in a hospital near Myitkyina, Burma, with malaria. Flew home from Kunming, China, to Detroit. Was relieved from duty in November 1944 for a spine injury.

ELMER H. CARTER,
Battle Creek, Mich.

40th Hospital

● Served in CBI from 1943 to 1945 with 40th Portable Surgical Hospital.

DOCK O. INGLE,
Asheville, N.C.



Commander's Message

by

Robert D. Thomas
National Commander
China-Burma-India
Veterans Assn.

Dear CBI family:

Another year of the C.B.I.V.A. is coming to a close. It has been a year that Carolyn and I will long remember. It has brought joy and sadness.

It has taken from us our National Commander, Howard Clager, Past National Commander John Z. Dawson, and many other CBIs who will not be forgotten.

But it has brought our CBI family even closer together, and made us more aware of the value of our friendships.

One of the bright spots of our year has been our membership campaign. As of this writing, we have 192 new members. I am confident that by the time this issue reaches your home our goal of 200 new members will have been reached. This is a tribute to all who have worked so hard to attain this goal. My special thanks for a job well done by my membership committee, Pat Edwards, Art Angstenberger and Jim Brown. Also, a big pat on the back to every CBI who signed up a new member this year.

There are many more people to thank in this closing issue of Roundup:

On behalf of Howard and Louise, and Carolyn and me, many thanks and deep appreciation to the officers on this year's executive board. It

wasn't an easy year, and your support was a considerable help.

A public word of thanks should go to two ladies whose names do not appear on our official roster; Mary Kopplin and Vera Seder, whose technical assistance throughout the year has contributed much to the success of our organization.

A special thank you to our Past National Commanders, whose guidance was always available, just for the asking. Their help was much appreciated.

A note of thanks, too, to Neil Maurer and EX-CBI Roundup, whose generosity in making this space available every month has been a great help communication-wise to C.B.I.V.A.

To the people in Dallas, especially Bill Godfrey and Sid Rappaport, for all the work they have done to line up a great reunion for us this August—a very large thank you. Bill and Sid have hearts as big as Texas. With them, today's request was honored yesterday.

And, last but not least, my thanks to YOU, for being a member of C.B.I.V.A., the greatest veterans organization in the world.

See you in Dallas August 4, 5, 6 and 7.

Sincerely,
Bob Thomas.

CBI Emblem Pins and Decals



CBI Decals 10c each, 3 for 25c

CBI Pins, with pin and catch,
each \$1.50

CBI Tie Tacks or Lapel Buttons,
clutch fastener, each \$1.50

Ex-CBI Roundup

P. O. Box 125 Laurens, Iowa 50554

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

This space is contributed to the CBIVA by Ex-CBI Roundup as a service to the many readers who are members of the Assn., of which Roundup is the official publication. It is important to remember that CBIVA and Roundup are entirely separate organizations. Your subscription to Roundup does not entitle you to membership in CBIVA, nor does your membership in CBIVA entitle you to a subscription to Roundup. You need not be a member of CBIVA in order to subscribe to Roundup or vice versa.—Ed.



BATHERS escape Calcutta heat in waters of the Hooghly River. Photo by Wm. S. Johnson.

James J. Cleveland

● James J. Cleveland, 49, died March 31 at a hospital in Bismarck, N.D. A native of Montana, he married Dorothy Homes at Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, and served with the Army for 20 years. He served in China, Burma, India, Japan, France and three tours in Korea. He was adviser to the National Guard when he retired in 1965. Survivors include his wife and two daughters.

(From a Bismarck Tribune clipping sent in by Oliver Borlaug, Washburn, N.D.)

were in Calcutta in 1964 we were told that it is now an apartment building. We would be glad to carry a story about the wartime Karnani Estates if someone could furnish pictures and material.—Ed.

Inspector General

● Served as Inspector General for the India-China Wing and Division (ATC) under Generals Alexander, Hoag, Hardin and Tunner. FOREST McINTIRE, Colonel USAR (Ret.), Oklahoma City, Okla.

691st Engineers

● Would like to purchase six more copies of the June 1970 edition of Ex-CBI Roundup, to send to former members of the 691st Engineers. I am sure they will be interested in Wm. Ziegler's article on "The Blue Earth Shop." After reading this interesting article we should have six new subscribers. Also, please send any advertising material you may have for Roundup, and I will be glad to place it in our travel rack at the Hotel Wolcott lobby. You are doing a very fine job with our magazine.

EARL HOSKINS, Wolcott, N.Y.

Twenty Years

● Have been taking the magazine (Ex-CBI Roundup) for nearly 20 years, and still enjoy it.

R. L. PUTNAM, Kuttawa, Ky.

Merrill's Marauders

● The Silver Jubilee Reunion of the Merrill's Marauders Association is set for the Sheraton Hotel, Silver Spring, Md., Sept. 3 to 5, 1971. All CBers are invited. President Nixon has been invited as our special honored guest. For full details contact me at 520 Long Beach Road, Island Park, N.Y. 11558. Phone 516-431-1807.

TOM MARTINI, Island Park, N.Y.

Karnani Estates

● Am enjoying the Roundup and look forward to its arrival each month. I happened to have been in or near Calcutta during my service in CBI and was wondering if you had any pictures or information of any kind regarding "Karnani Estates"—the officers' club in Calcutta during the war years.

ROBERT A. HOFFMANN, West Orange, N.J.

Ex-CBI Roundup carried a picture of the building exterior almost 20 years ago; when we

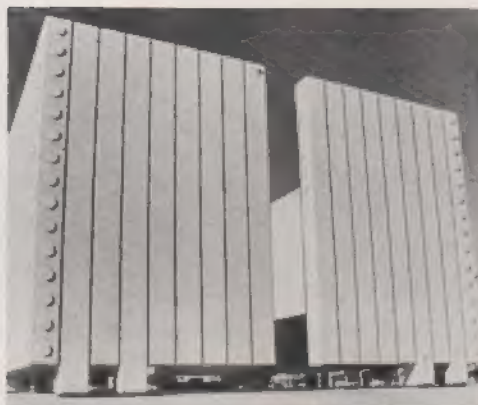


HUNGRY children beg for food during the July 1944 evacuation of Kweilin, China. Photo by Milton Klein.



DALLAS

Welcomes CBlers



YOUR BIG 'D' HOME will be the famous Baker Hotel located in the heart of downtown Dallas. Most reunion events will be at the hotel or in surrounding area. Reunion dates are August 4-5-6-7.

THE JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY MEMORIAL, a four walled open centopath is located on a square block plaza in downtown Dallas about two blocks from the site where the President was assassinated.



The All-American City of Dallas has one of the best engineered street systems in the nation. If you're in a hurry, there's a nearby freeway, such as that pictured, to get you to your destination in minutes. If you enjoy walking, the city's tree-lined streets offer inviting pleasures.